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A Terrifying Prospect

THE I. W. W. have become a positive menace to the nation and threaten to institute a general reign of terror throughout the land unless the ring leaders are immediately apprehended and punished to the full extent of the law. The time has come when no man's property is safe and even life itself is held cheap, so long as these arch criminals against society are permitted to run at large. The anarchists are well organized and are out for blood. Their admitted plan is to fan the smoldering fires of class hatred into a mighty flame that will sweep across the country in an overwhelming conflagration. America is deeply concerned with her preparations to withstand her foes from without; she has far more to fear of her foes from within.

It is time for the authorities to act. No community can longer afford to harbor a nest of the traitors. Local authorities have been sadly derelict in their duties. The constitutional guarantee of free speech and of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, does not convey to any individual the right to damn the government or to design its overthrow. We believe in the due process of law, of course, but the miscreant who deliberately chooses to become an outlaw thereby forfeits the protection that good citizens enjoy under the law. And so, in view of the vicious threats made by these syndicalists, the peace officers should proceed at once to make a sweeping search for the outlaws and jail every one found within the community.

It will not do to simply drive them out of the city. That plan has failed. Wherever they lodge they are a contamination, and so to pass them along to some other community is just about as sensible as to scatter a contagion to the winds. We cannot afford to commit such a crime against our neighbors. The responsibility is our's and we should assume it. A state to the south is at present over-run by the outlaws. Another to the north has already resorted to lynch law and is now facing civil war. Utah will soon be in the center of the turmoil unless she makes every minute count from now on. Those charged with the duty of preserving peace and order must move at once. The law's delay is no longer to be countenanced. The seditious outfit belong behind the bars. There are men in the penitentiary who, compared with these undesirable citizens, are patriots of a high order.

It is an outrage that in this great country, the asylum for the oppressed of every clime, the nation that is now buckling on its armor to strike a

mighty blow in defense of civilization and for the uplift of humanity, there should be allowed to roam at large a lawless element seeking to overthrow the social institutions that guarantee them the very liberties they abuse. No government can countenance such a violent propaganda within its domain and long endure. Unless the authorities take the matter in hand, vigilance committees will spring up from the ranks of the citizens and then a reign of terror will set in that will shake the country from ocean to ocean.

At the outbreak of the war, France had a similar situation to meet. Inside of a week some 300 men from the Midi were stood up against the wall and shot for trying to persuade Frenchmen not

GODSPEED, SAMMY

SO long, Sammy. Gee! I wish that I were you—

A-hiking in my khaki with a thousand comrades true,

So long, Sammy. Gee! I wish I had your chance—

If it wasn't for the kiddies I'd be off with you to France.

Bye-bye, Sammy, all the world is watching you,

A-wondering and a-wondering just what you are going to do.

Bye-bye, Sammy, keep your chin a-pointing high,

And don't you mind the teardrop that's a-glistening in my eye.

So long, Sammy. Gee! I wish that I were you,

A-fightin' in my khaki for the Red and White and Blue.

So long, Sammy; you're the boy they've picked to win,

Be sure to write and tell us when you get to old Berlin.

—S. P. Bulletin.

to fight. These men were syndicalists, corresponding to the I. W. W. of this country. In every instance a postcard was sent to their families or friends with the following words printed thereon in large type: "Your _____ was shot this morning for cowardice." That ended the uprising in France. It may yet become necessary to resort to similar means in America. We hope such drastic measures will not be required. The traitors have had fair warning, however, and we repeat that it is time for the authorities to move.

Dictates And Desires

THERE is in human nature a strong disposition to be refractory. To be told one MUST NOT immediately causes the bristles to rise and one's complacency to vanish. The feeling quite naturally comes that liberty of action has been curtailed. The latent centrifugal forces in mankind which cause us to fly off the circle of good citizenship and to follow our own designs, independent of the rights of others, is so strong that it is most difficult to control at times. Particularly is this true if pecuniary interests are involved or that which we regard as an especial pleasure is interdicted.

If the interests of society demand that one of our pet predilections be placed under the ban, we feel that we have been unjustly discriminated against and we fly the track, breathing threatenings and slaughter. Yet we soon return, reconciled to the new order of things and glad to resume our seat by the wayside. We then confess that there are worse places than this old world and, although we have been called upon to surrender many of our so-called inherent rights in order that the social structure may afford protection to us and ours, we still feel that we have made a mighty good bargain. And then we congratulate ourselves that we got into line without getting the swift kick that was coming to us.

Then, when we reflect that the silent power we call the LAW has enabled us to build and occupy our homes in peace and safety, and to feel secure in our business investments; and that its unseen hand guards us by day and by night—on our own shores and in distant lands; we are seized with an impulse to gaze upon the colors that float from many a flagstaff and say to ourselves: "Well, I do like a little snifter of whiskey, now and then, but if the LAW says 'don't,' I suppose I had better forego the pleasure." This is not servility; it is loyalty and what is more, it is good common sense. For the observance of such a duty has its compensations.

Rhymes Of The Rookies

ALTHOUGH the Muse seems to be marching shoulder to shoulder with Mars it cannot be said that her inspirations have resulted in any notable contributions to classic literature to date. It still remains for the gifted pen of some undiscovered genius to set to verse a graphic description of the stirring events of the times—such as will go thundering down the ages as the great epic of the period. And while we await the touch of a master hand we must, perforce, content ourselves to scan the great mass of miscellaneous and mediocre verse that is now choking the columns of the current periodicals.

Most refreshing of all are the jingling rhymes that are coming from the training camps. As a rule they are simple and unpretentious parodies on the old favorites and there is nothing original